

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

SOME day that boy Bob Davis is going to write a play that will make 'em sit up and take notice. We base this prediction on the fact that he refuses to quit shooting at the mark. No far his attempts at play writing haven't been able to hold an audience, but that was mainly the fault of the theatre managers. They never took their patrons in, you know. But just you wait, folks! Bob is still at it. The latest stage crime in which he is involved is a playlet called "Efficiency," in the writing of which he had Perley Poore Sheehan as collaborator, despite that name. It is to be produced in London by Lyn Harding. Mr. Harding, now in New York, sails in the near future, which fact urges us to predict that "Efficiency" is bound to get over—the ocean, anyway.

A BIG BENEFIT.

Gov. Whitman, Charles E. Hughes, Mayor Mitchell and Marcus M. Marks will be the principal speakers at a big benefit entertainment to be held tonight by the high school choral organizations of Greater New York at the City College Stadium. The proceeds will go to the Woman's Service and American Red Cross. Victor Herbert, Amato, Albert Spalding and Alice Veriet will help entertain.

BY WAY OF DIVERSION.

Sister Mary thinks she's fat; she's trying to reduce. For candy, sugar, milk and such she has no further use. She only weighs one forty-two, but that's too much, says she. She thinks her normal weight should be about one twenty-three. When Sister Mary's diet slips she never blames herself. She'll see some tempting cakes arrayed upon the pantry shelf. She'll eat a cake and right away the cook's the guilty one. "She shouldn't make them," Mary says. "She'd have me weigh a ton." If Willie drops a lolly-pop she'll eat it sure as fate and blame him, saying it's his plan to make her gain some weight. She'll go down town and eat ice cream and then she'll tell the man he had no business tempting her and "put him on the pan." We haven't had dessert at home for weeks because of her. She'd eat a lot and blame us all. Oh, things aren't as they were. We're hoping Mary drops her plan of trying to get thin. At home the joy's all going out with nothing coming in.

HANDICAPPED.

Mrs. Mark A. Luescher has a negro maid named Sadie in her employ. Recently Mrs. Luescher and the maid attended a revival meeting, and when the exhorter asked those who wanted to be saved to stand up, Sadie arose. Mrs. Luescher, looking her over, emotional, pulled her back into her seat. The revivalist came down the aisle and stopped near them. "Don't you want to go to heaven?" he asked of Sadie. "Yas sah, Ah does," replied the maid, "but dis heah lady won't let me."

MCINTYRE FARMING.

Frank (Plumpe) McIntyre, the wide comedian, is out near Ann Arbor, Mich., planting war potatoes. He postulates to the effect that he will soon be prepared to exchange a peck of spuds for an automobile or a house and lot, Central Park district preferred. His potato patch is near a lake. When the plants need water he gives in and the splash does the rest.

ANOTHER DRAMA HOUSE.

Broadway hears the theatre to be built on Broadway between the ninth and Fiftieth Streets will not be a picture house, after all. The report says a prominent producer of legitimate drama has taken over the proposition. Our guess is A. H. Woods.

A WARNING, PERHAPS.

"Yes," said Paul Gullick, as he stood at the Broadway entrance of the Mecca Building yesterday. "My municipal stock company will clear five thousand dollars!" At that point a window washer six stories up dropped an implement that just missed Mr. Gullick's head. "Ahem," he went on, after recovering from his scare, "my company will clear \$500 this week."

GOSSIP.

Stuart Sage is to be in a musical piece next season. Bud Fisher has formed the Bud Fisher Film Corporation and is now handling his "Mutt and Jeff" pictures himself. John B. Clymer and Harry O. Hoyt have leased an entire building in

Good Stories

WAGER SPOILED.

"HALLO! Are you Baf's, the butcher?" "Yes." "Well, this is Mrs. Brown's residence. Will you please send me a large, thick steak by 12 o'clock?" "Well, you bet your sweet life I will!" "Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" "Sure I do. You're Jenny, Mrs. Brown's cook." "You are mistaken, young man. You are speaking with Mrs. Brown herself." "Is that so? Then in that case, madam, we'll call the bet off!"—Tit-Bits.

GOOD FOR HIS AGE.

"I SHOULD hate to tell you, Jack," said Constable Nigh. T. Slack, "but I've got to arrest that there boy of yours. He got in trouble in town, and—"

"Dad-burn the triflin' varmint!" grumbled Jack Gasp, a prominent real-

dent of the Rumpus Ridge neighborhood, in Arkansas. "He ain't worth the powder 'twould take to blow him to the devil! If he's been stealin' anything, I'll fraid the side of a him, confound!"

"He got into a fight and shot four men!" "Shot four men, hey? Well, I allus said that boy would do us proud some day! Four of 'em—and, say, Slack, he was only sixteen years old last Jannerberry!"—Kansas City Star.

DUBIOUS ENCOURAGEMENT. A MILLIONAIRE railroad man and a cautious contractor said to a reporter in his New York office:

"Scandal, even when proved false, does immense harm. They who are maligned get small comfort when you tell them the scandal is false. Does this news, which they know already, make good the harm they have suffered?"

"Such comfort is almost as bad as the remark of the mutual friend." "Oh, how I adore that girl," a chap said to this fellow. "But she's so beautiful, so fascinating, I know I'll never succeed in winning her love." "Not!" said the mutual friend. "Lots of other men have succeeded. Why shouldn't you?"—Washington Star.

"S'MATTER, POP?"

It's Hard to Spring a Joke When Your Audience Won't Bite!

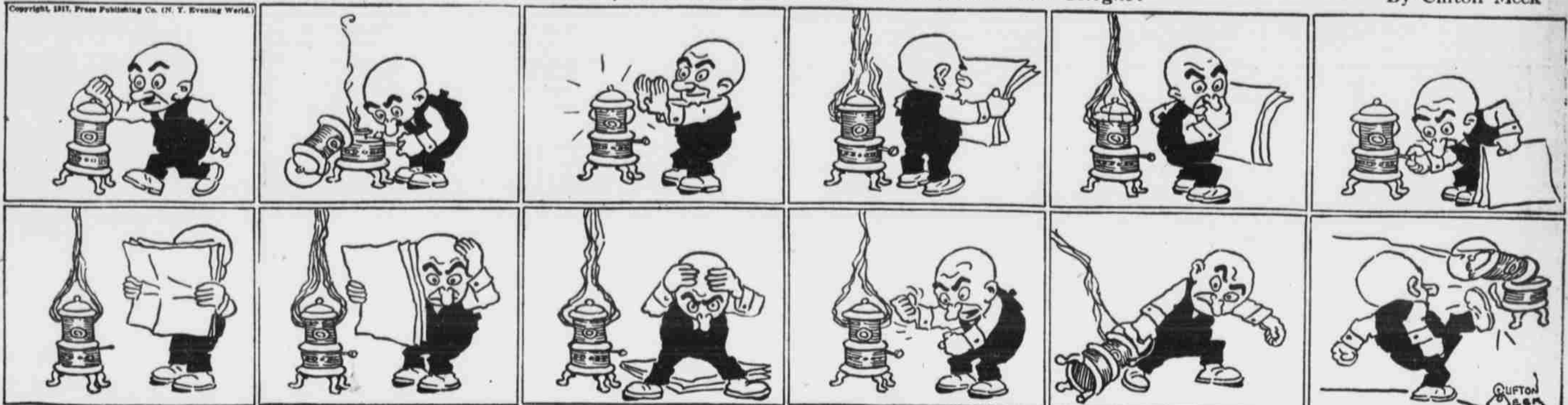
By C. M. Payne



OLD GRINDSTONE GEORGE

They Should Invent Oil Stoves That Would Burn Cologne!

By Clifton Meek



HENRY HASENPFEFFER

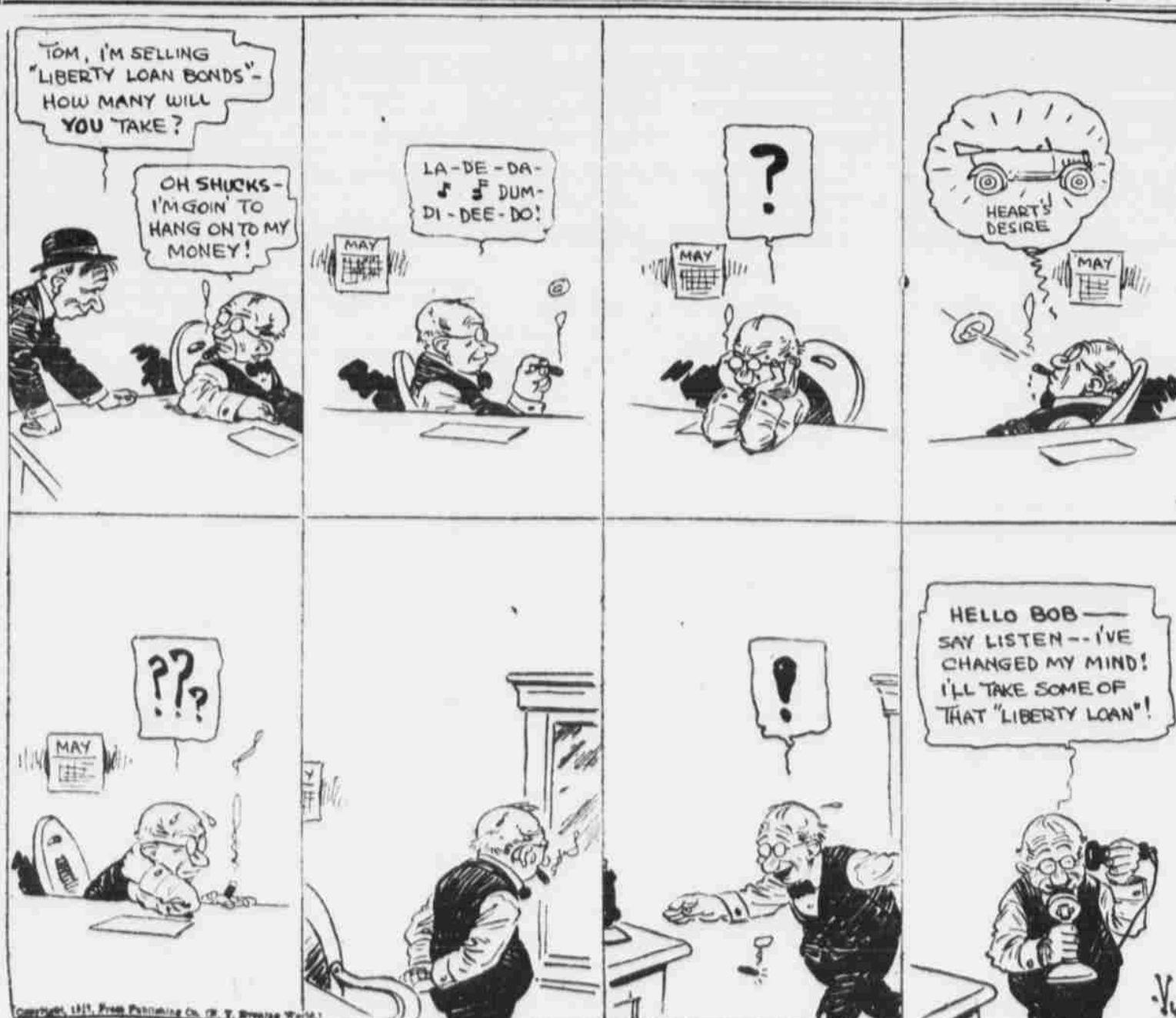
"Doc" Goofus Would Tell a One-Armed Man to Rub Liniment on His Own Elbow!

By Bud Counihan



SHOWING A MAN CONQUERING HIMSELF!

By Vic



The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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"I SEE by the papers," said Poppie, the Shipping Clerk, "that Dumbell, the Australian Minister who was named by this country, has been appointed to the House of Lords."

"Was his name Dumbell?" asked Miss Prim, Private Secretary to the Boss.

"I thought it was Indian Club," said Bobbie, the Office Boy.

"Gee whis, Kid!" said Miss Tillie, the Blonde Stenographer. "Can't you curb that sense of humor of yours?"

"The man's name was Dumba and he's an Australian, not an Australian. When he was here he was the goat for others higher up."

"I guess that's why they gave him the can," suggested Bobbie.

"You make me sick," said Miss Prim.

"Want me to go down to the river and get you a dock?"

"Oh, let's forget the funny part," said Poppie. "I see where a freighter gave battle to a U boat yesterday."

"What was in it?" asked the boy.

"In what?"

"The bottle."

"I don't get you."

"Didn't you say a freighter gave a bottle to a U boat?"

"Maybe," said Miss Tillie, before Poppie could reply, "the freighter thought the bottle would stop 'er."

"I think the conversation is going from bad to worse," said Spooner, the Bookkeeper. "I noticed in the paper to-day that a small boy was arrested for throwing rocks at a sleeping baby. He ought to be spanked."

"Maybe he was just rocking the cradle," came from Bobbie.

"I don't think that is a subject we should just about," snapped Miss Prim.

"I guess you're just about right," said Poppie, beaming.

"Oh, golly!" said Bobbie. "There goes Poppie's sense of humor."

Miss Prim turned and faced Bobbie. "Say 'Mister,'" she commanded. "What is it, Madam?" the boy replied.

"I'm not addressing you as 'Mister.' I'm telling you to call Mr. Poppie by the name he deserves."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare."

"Whaddye mean?" demanded Poppie.

"Why, I thought Miss Prim said one night 'Pop' was a source."

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